

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

IMMENSE TRACT SOLD.

North Yakima Syndicate Takes Over 15,000 Acres in Harney.

Portland—A great tract of Eastern Oregon land, comprising 15,000 acres, has been sold by J. O. Elrod, a local real estate dealer, to Frank H. Clerf and his mother, of North Yakima, and associates, at a consideration of \$300,000. The deal represents a profit of over \$100,000 to Mr. Elrod, who purchased the land 18 months ago.

The property is located in Harney county and comprises what is known as the old John Devine ranch, one of the most noted ranches in Oregon. One of the unique features of the place is that it boasts a herd of elk, one of the few herds of this kind in Oregon. The name of the place is now the Alvord ranch. It has been rented to the Pacific Livestock company, but the recent purchasers will stock the property and conduct it themselves.

The land is all fenced and cross fenced, with about 7,500 acres in hay. The remainder is good sagebrush land with a large quantity of available water for irrigation purposes. Good buildings have been erected on the place, and all the improvements are in good shape.

Mr. Elrod says that the purchase represents an advance in the price of the land of something over \$100,000 in 18 months. A year ago last June he purchased it from the Eugene Church company of Tacoma. The deal has just been consummated whereby the property is transferred to Mr. Clerf and associates.

REDUCE EXPRESS RATES.

New Schedule Goes Into Effect on O. R. & N. Lines.

Salem—October 1 the reduced express rates ordered by the railroad commission on the Oregon Railway & Navigation company's lines where the Pacific Express company operates, went into operation. The reductions are material, and in some instances as much as 20 and 25 per cent.

The Pacific Express company accepted the reductions without making a fight in the courts. Patrons of the express company will at once feel the benefits of the reduced rates.

An effort will soon be made to procure a reduction of the rates charged by the Wells Fargo Express company, which operates in the Willamette valley. Representative B. F. Jones of Polk county, who brought the successful complaint against the Pacific Express company, is also prosecuting the complaint against the Wells Fargo company.

Auto Road Is Discussed.

Marshfield—The building of an automobile road from Coos bay to Roseburg was the chief subject under discussion at a good roads meeting held at Coquille, the county seat. The plan is to have the residents along the line agree to a special tax and the county appropriate an equal amount. A road, passable at all times of the year, has been agitated for some time, but it is likely that the present movement will materialize in actual work next summer.

Albany Needs More Houses.

Albany—The Albany Commercial club has invited all the people of Albany to an open meeting to be held in the rooms of the Commercial club to consider a number of questions which have been under discussion in the executive board of the club. One purpose of the meeting is to arouse the interest of local capital in the erection of flats for renting purposes, as the demand for houses for rent has far exceeded the supply for the past year.

Increased Lien Is Denied.

Salem—After a long discussion of the merits of the case the desert land board has come to the conclusion that the Deschutes Irrigation and Power company cannot demand an increased lien of 140 per cent, or \$40 an acre from the settlers for reclaimed land. The matter will probably be taken up by the settlers, and the reclamation company and finally threshed out in the courts. The dispute is one of long standing.

New Flour Mill Active.

Baker City—The Baker flouring mill, which is now almost completed, has been an extensive buyer of grain in Eastern Oregon this season, having just closed a contract with the North Powder growers for 25,000 bushels of wheat. In contemplation of the demand caused by the new mill many ranchers raised more grain this year than usual, and the result has been gratifying, both the grower and the mill operators.

To Plant Vast Orchard.

Albany—Articles of incorporation of the Linnhaven Orchard company, the corporation which plans to set out a 3,000-acre orchard in Linn county, have been filed in the county clerk's office. The capital stock of the corporation is \$300,000, divided into 3,000 shares of \$100 each, \$100,000 being preferred stock and \$200,000 common.

Imports Fine Chickens.

Milton—B. F. Williams has received 12 thoroughbred young chickens of the Buff Plymouth Rock variety from St. Louis. Mr. Williams will send some of his poultry to the A.-Y.-P. show at Seattle.

ROGUE VALLEY LAND SOLD.

Eastern Capitalists Invest in Large Fruit Tract.

Roseburg—Three large realty deals were consummated in Roseburg last week. The first was the Henry Ridenour farm, six miles west of this city, comprising 314 acres, which was sold to John Busenbark, of Kansas, for \$40,000. The second was 100 acres at Dixonville, to C. J. Stoven, of Virginia, the consideration not being made public. The third was what is known as the old Booth place, in Garden valley, and comprises 320 acres, the consideration being \$25,000.

The buyers are the Overland Fruit & Development company, of Boston, Mass. The purchase by the Boston company was made by its treasurer and general manager, Charles A. Brand. The company will set the entire tract out in apples and pears and will conduct the orchard themselves. Mr. Brand decided upon the purchase after inspection of the fruit lands of Washington and the districts of Rogue river and Hood River, being satisfied that his present location is the best for the varieties of fruit the company intends to raise.

La Grande Has Oat Record.

La Grande—One of the largest yields and records for fast threshing as well have been enacted here this week, when the Conaway machine, threshing on the Leander Ferguson ranch, brought out 129 bushels of oats to the acre of a 20 acre field. During 10 hours one day the thresher rolled out 5,008 bushels of oats. The yield is one bushel to the acre greater than two crops already reported on 20 acre fields this season.

Potatoes Success as Fallow Crop.

Weston—The Weston mountain country is demonstrating its fertility by extra good crops this year. Ground used last year for potatoes is proving especially productive, showing that the tubers are a good summer fallow. Albert Gould had 84 bushels of barley per acre from 20 acres of "potato ground," and from five acres of similar ground J. E. Walden had the remarkable average of 116 bushels of oats.

Will Irrigate Orchard Land.

Cottage Grove—S. T. Nelson has sold his 375-acre farm to John Spray for \$16,400 cash. Mr. Spray proposes to place the ranch under irrigation. The land will be worth from \$100 to \$200 an acre as soon as water is on it, and the increase is large, as the orchards increase in size. There are 275 acres which can be irrigated, all of which is bottom land.

Will Represent Oregon.

Salem—Delegates to the annual convention of the Mississippi to the Atlantic Inland Waterways association to be held at Jacksonville, Fla., November 17 and 18, have been announced by the governor as follows: E. W. Spencer, of Portland; John Fox, of Astoria; W. J. Mariner, of Blalocks; J. T. Peters, of The Dalles, and O. B. Hinsdale, of Gardiner.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Bluestem, 96c; club, 89c; red Russian, 86c; valley, 91c; Fife, 89c; Turkey red, 89c; fortyfold, 91c.

Barley—Feed, \$25.50@26; brewing, \$26.50@27 per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$27@27.50 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, Willamette valley, \$15@16 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$18@19; alfalfa, \$14; clover, \$14; cheat, \$13@14.50; grain hay, \$15@16.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 36; fancy outside creamery, 33@36c; store, 22c. Butter fat prices average 1 1/2c per pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, candled, 32@32 1/2c per dozen.

Poultry—Hens, 15@16c; springs, 15 1/2@16c; roosters, 9@10c; ducks, young, 15@16c; geese, young, 10@11c; turkeys, 20c; squabs, \$1.75@2 per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 9@9 1/2c per pound.

Veal—Extra, 10@10 1/2c per pound.

Fruits—Apples, \$1.25@1.75 per box; pears, 75c@1.50; peaches, \$1@1.25 per crate; cantaloupes, 50c@1.25; plums, 25@50c per box; watermelons, 1c per pound; grapes, 85c@1.25 per crate; 25@50c per basket; casabas, \$1.50@1.75; quinces, \$1@1.75 per box; huckleberries, 10c per pound.

Potatoes—60@70c per sack; sweet potatoes, 2c per pound.

Onions—\$1.25 per sack.

Vegetables—Beans, 4@5c per pound; cabbage, 1@1 1/2c; cauliflower, 50c@1 per dozen; celery, 50@75c; corn, 15@20c; cucumbers, 10@25c; peas, 7c per pound; peppers, 4@5c; pumpkins, 1/2@1c; squash, 5c; tomatoes, 50@60c per box.

Hops—1909 crop, 22@23c offered; 1908 crop, 17c; 1907 crop, 12c; 1906 crop, 8c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16@23c per pound; valley, 22@24c; mohair, choice, 24c.

Cattle—Steers, top quality, \$4.25@4.50; fair to good, \$4; common, \$3.50@3.75; cows, top, \$3.50; fair to good, \$3@3.25; common to medium, \$2.50@2.75; calves, top, \$5@5.50; heavy, \$3.50@4; bulls, \$2@2.25; stags, \$2.50@3.50.

Hogs—Best, \$8; fair to good, \$7.75@7.85; stockers, \$6@7; China fats, \$7.50@8.

Sheep—Top wethers, \$4@4.25; fair to good, \$3.50@3.75; ewes, 1/2c cent less on all grades; yearlings, best, \$4@4.25; fair to good, \$3.50@3.75; spring lambs, \$5.25@5.50.

TAFT IN PORTLAND.

Genial Smile Wins Hearts of Public Throgs.

Portland, Oct. 4.—Portland received President Taft as guest of honor with splendid hospitality and a limitless expression of hearty good will and frank affection. To the Nation's chief executive it proved a day of good cheer, unmarred by a single untoward incident.

The president enjoyed it all to the utmost; enjoyed every moment of the day from the easy formality of the greeting accorded him upon his arrival at the Union depot to the afternoon of golf—golf played in the invigorating tang of a perfect October day. Throughout the day he found only the most profound consideration for his comfort and welfare.

There were no exacting demands upon his energies. The day was barren of tiring programs, long speeches or wearisome ceremonies.

An affection manifested itself in the public greeting which had its origin quite apart from the fact that he was the great American, the first man of the land. That infectious smile possessed itself of his features when he first stepped from his private car into the cheery sunshine of an ideal Oregon morning. Its infection of good nature spread wherever he went. Whenever he appeared he put every one at ease by the easy informality of his demeanor—and that smile. And then Portland got a deeper insight into the real man; got a glimpse into the rich and wholesome nature of which that smile is the natural expression.

For when his triumphant procession through the streets was at an end and there was a half hour at his disposal for a whirl about the city, he elected to dispense with the tempting spin and go to the bedside of his friend, Judge George H. Williams, at the Good Samaritan hospital. It was thus that the brief hour of his morning's leisure time was spent.

It is to the rising generation that credit must go for the predominating and never-to-be-forgotten feature of the welcoming demonstrations. There have been living flags before. But never have the Stars and Stripes been wrought into such a wholesome, inspiring fabric as that formed by Portland school children. It was an epitome of the boundless spirit of youthful patriotism. The President, smiling at first, passed to a mood of seriousness as that wondrous flag waved back and forth with the life that tomorrow must possess itself of the Nation.

The President's appearance tapped exhaustless reservoirs of enthusiastic and affectionate applause wherever he went.

"This is all splendid, splendid—the day is perfect—everything is perfect," he told Mayor Simon, who was seated beside him in the automobile.

Half an hour after luncheon a car drew up for him at the hotel and he departed for the afternoon for his favorite pastime, golf. Returning with a keen appetite he ate dinner privately and made ready for his appearance at the Armory. The military escort again accompanied him and thousands of people were in the streets awaiting his appearance.

President Taft closed one of the happiest and most delightful visits of his life late yesterday afternoon, when he boarded his special train at the Union depot and departed from Portland, southbound. He said as much himself, and with unmistakable sincerity, as he stood on the observation platform of his car and bade farewell to those who had assembled to see him on his way.

"It has all been delightful. I can't thank you enough for the way I've been treated. I've never had a happier visit," he said—not once, but many times, as he stood shaking hands with friends and officials.

Until the departing train was lost to view he stood on the platform, smiling and waving at those gathered about the depot grounds. He seemed loth to go, and it was not until the train had passed onto the Steel bridge that he turned into his car. The President took with him from Portland only the happiest memories. His choice in selecting Portland for the longest stop of his itinerary, New Orleans alone excepted, was justified.

Scientists Excommunicate.

Boston, Oct. 4.—Alfred Farlow, chairman of the committee on publication of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, confirmed today a report that Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, of New York, had been dismissed from the body of Christian Scientists. Mr. Farlow declined to comment on the case, but in reply to a question as to the effect of the action of the members of the church, said: "It is to be hoped they will receive it in a Christian manner and treat it accordingly."

Beat Motorcycle Record.

Springfield, Mass., Oct. 4.—At the motorcycle stadium this afternoon Charles Spencer and Charles Gustafson, both of this city, established a new 24-hour world's record, Spencer riding 1089 miles, 199 yards in the 24 hours, beating the record of 775 miles, 134 yards established by H. A. Collier, of England. Gustafson rode 1043 miles, 20 laps and 199 yards in the 24 hours, being approximately 268 miles ahead of Collier's mark.

Fair Ones Fed by Force.

London, Oct. 4.—Writs have been issued against Home Secretary Gladstone and the prison officials of Birmingham in connection with an action for assault for the forcible feeding with a stomach pump last week of a number of suffragettes who persisted on going on a "hunger strike" while in jail. The suffragettes' leaders contend that forcible feeding is illegal.

The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

I was up the stairs like a flash, to find Duponceau, one of the old broadswordsmen in his hand, holding the balcony. Men's heads were to be seen just above the flooring of the porch, where the invaders had climbed by means of my trellises, but the owners of those heads seemed very little disposed to come farther. They had no reserves to cover their attack from the protection of the dunes, and Duponceau was proclaiming that he would head the first rascal that raised himself another inch. At the ring of determination in his voice, no wonder that no one came on. I had barely reached his side, however, when a man flung a handful of sand full in Duponceau's face, temporarily blinding him, at the same moment that another leaped up the trellis and vaulted over the balcony rail. I met him face to face, and recognized the surly chap who had spied on me that first day from the woods. He had not gained his balance when I fell upon him, hoping to topple him back against the rail. Instead, his feet shot out from under him, and, clutching at me, he fell flat on the balcony. He lay there panting a second, his arms about my back, while I tried to get my hands upon his chest to push myself up. Suddenly his grip tightened, and with a lurch, he rolled me over, so that now I lay underneath and pinned by his arms. Then he tried my game, and hands on my chest, sought to drive the breath from my body. He was heavy, and I felt myself going, drawing each breath harder, seeing red more fully, when with a jerk the pressure lightened, and I looked up to see Charles, his brawny arms about the man's shoulders, slowly but inexorably throwing him over on his side. His hands relaxed, there was a groan, and the man lay flat on his back, Charles securely kneeling on him while I struggled to my feet.

Meantime Duponceau, his sight clear again, had held the balcony, and more, had driven the men down the supports by striking with his sword over the edge.

"Throw him over," he commanded us now, and quickly we had the hapless creature up on the railing and had dropped him into the sand below. He fell with a soft thud, and we turned to other matters.

It was high time. Baffled at the balcony, the enemy were already trying to batter in the front door. At the first sounds below-stairs, Rodney had drawn my dinner-table and the heavy oak settle across the door, and fortified it with every heavy weight in-doors. Now the battering began, and Duponceau and Charles joined him while with an axe I found in my den I hacked away the trellises that climbed to the balcony. Verily the fight was hot when I would cut down my own property.

Crash—crash! A heavy log struck the front door and ripped away a panel. The log was withdrawn, there was a shout, and again came the thudding crash, splintering the upper part of the door and carrying clear in to the settle. I was mad, mad through and through, at the thought of these desperadoes, and a glance at Charles face told me that he was the same. We built up the barricade, we tried to stay it against the next assault, but this time the upper part of the door burst inward, and we were almost face to face with the foe. Rodney and I crammed the dining-room table into place, and threw the chairs behind it. I cared little now if all the furniture were beaten into splinters.

"Now!" cried Duponceau. There was a boom, a crash, and the battering-ram shot half way into the house. As it cleared away the door, Duponceau leaped high on to the wreck of the table and laid about him with his sword. I saw one man fall sideways, and the rest, startled into fear by this man with eyes ablaze, stand, hesitate, and fall back.

"Come on!" he cried. "There is room for two abreast!" But no one came on; the passage through that open doorway looked dubious.

A hurried conference, a quick dispersal, and then the enemy was back, armed with clubs cut from the woods. Now they came on with a rush, and the battle joined. Pistols were discarded; it was to be a fight of our old rusty swords, and sticks found by Charles, and the staffs of the pines. Two men leaped into the breach and fell on Duponceau, another slipped in and fell to Rodney's care, while Charles and I gripped our weapons and waited. Duponceau thrust at one of his assailants and with a jerk threw the other across the broken table almost at my feet. A blow aimed at my head fell on Charles' staff, and he had the man reeling in a corner with a sudden thrust of his arm. Another man followed, and he and I laid about each other, blow falling on sword, and sword on pine-wood. We had the advantage in that we stood on the chairs, the table, and what was left of the door, and the enemy had to spring against our entrenched position. Face to face with us, toppling over the broken furniture, their armor passed, and gradually we drove them back, pressing them out of the doorway harder than they had pressed in. The man opposite me aimed a savage blow, I dodged, and, grappling across the table, from there Duponceau rolled him out against his comrades. All this time Monsieur Pierre had fought like a demon, but now one man fell against his legs, while another struck him a glance blow across the shoulders, and before he could gain his footing he fell from the table back into the room, striking against the settle. He lay there still. Rodney was in his place, and I jumped beside him.

"Now!" I cried, and a moment later we had what was left of the enemy safely at bay.

The attacking party gathered together, and, with many ill looks at us, finally withdrew. Charles pulled the man he had

in the corner up before us, and asked what should be done with him. I pointed out to where the others were turning up the beach.

"It seems almost too good for him," said Charles.

"Yes," said I; "it does." I had to hold myself tight in check now as I looked at my broken door and devastated room. "Get out," I cried, "before I begin to talk to you, and tell the rest of your gang that the next time they batter in a man's house I hope they get their just deserts. A nice band of ruffians they make! The next time you look in this door there'll be murder done. Get out!"

The man got out, helped over the barricade by a none-too-gentle lift from Charles.

I turned to Duponceau; he was just sitting up, rubbing his shoulders. He struggled up to his feet and looked about him.

"I'm afraid, Selden, you'll never forgive yourself for sheltering me. I didn't think it would really come to this."

"I did," I answered. "I knew it, and I knew we'd beat them off. But if they ever come again, it'll be the end of one or the other of us."

"I'd better surrender," he said.

I gave a short laugh. "I'd put you in chains first. This is my house, and I have what guests I choose, and all the powers of Europe shan't prevent me! Do these people think we're living in the Middle Ages?"

"I'm inclined to think we are," said Rodney, from his seat on the overturned settle. "But I've always had a liking for those days, so I don't object."

Then we went to work to build up the front of the house as best we could.

CHAPTER XIX.

By the time we had finished our repairs the morning was still not far advanced towards noon. I had lighted a pipe and was smoking in the full joy of rest after battle, when Rodney came up to me with a pucker line between his eyebrows.

"I'm afraid," he remarked, "we're going to get let down for the rest of the day."

"Why, man!" I ejaculated, "you wouldn't be going through that sort of racket each hour in the twenty-four, would you?"

He smiled at my answer. "Not exactly, but just at present we're playing the part of a lot of cooped up rats too realistically to suit your humble servant. I'll be expecting them to set fire to the house next. Besides that, I shouldn't be surprised if the club would start a search for me at any moment. Anything may happen in my office, the market may have gone to pot, and my customers be ready to tar and feather me."

"Well," I agreed, "that's all true, and yet if you let it leave Duponceau just so much more unprotected."

"I know," he mused thoughtfully, rubbing his cheek with his hand. "I wish to the deuce I knew who the man was." He looked at me sharply. "Haven't you an inkling, Felix?"

"Then why," pursued Rodney, "did you ever take such an infernal liking to him?"

I considered. "Why did you?"

Our eyes met, and we both smiled, chuckled, and then laughed.

"There's an old French adage," said Rodney—"chances a femme." He took a turn or two up and down the room. Then "See here, Felix," he said, "there's no denying the fact that we're both of us in the same boat, figuratively speaking, even if no longer physically. You had a great drag from the start, because you were living such an unusual sort of life, and were probably a woman-hater, certainly had no use for society. Those things take with a girl brought up in New York."

I smoked stolidly. "You won the first wound, and that takes with a woman anywhere."

He looked at his bandaged arm and smiled reminiscently. He was probably thinking of that half-hour when she had dressed it.

"But the main point is," he resumed, "that we both knew that the particular girl in question loved romance better than anything else in the world."

"And that Duponceau was romance personified," I added, "which fully explains our actions."

Rodney puffed at his cigarette in silence.

"Yet I've grown very fond of the man," he said presently. "He's brave, and he's a gentleman."

"I'm fond of him, too. I wouldn't give him up now for the world. I intend to stay right here until something happens."

Rodney finished his cigarette and threw it away. "If you don't mind," he said, "I'll steal over to your farmer's and ride home to the club. I've a feeling that something may be doing in the outer world, and that I ought to get next to a ticket. I'll not be long, and I don't think they'll come back before afternoon."

"Go, by all means. The man will give you the horse and show you an inland road, so you'll not fall in with these people. We can get on all right until night-fall."

Rodney started to leave, then turned again.

"I was sore," he said, "that first afternoon when I found you and Barbara having tea here. I'll admit that I'd followed her from New York, expecting to have a clear field; but—well, one can't always get what one wants, and there's luck in this sort of a fight, just as there is in the Street; but it is a good fight, and

that's more than I can say for some of the affairs one sees in town. I'm not sore any longer."

He smiled, and somehow his gentleness brought me to my feet. "It's a square fight all round," I said. We went down-stairs together, and I pointed out the way to the farm-house. Then I returned to my den to finish my pipe, and to wonder if Rodney was going to the club for news or only to see Barbara. The brief glimpse of her that morning had certainly set up both a thrill.

The hours slid past without exertion on my part. Duponceau and I had lunch a little after twelve, and then I returned to the study and stretched myself on the leather couch, with a book before my eyes. The summer sun, warm and sensationally, came in through the window, and the salt breeze was as heavy on the eyes as poppies. The world "drowned," the beach and my house were too warm and still and lethargic for action, and my eyes lids closed despite my best intentions. I slept long, deep, and like a tired child without dreams.

There was a man's step on the stairs. I sat up and rubbed my eyes; I stretched forth my arms and put my feet to the floor. Rodney entered and flopped into the leather arm-chair, an ironic smile on his lips, his eyes bright with the news that he brought.

"Well," he said, "I know: Duponceau's Etienne!"

"Yes, Etienne, the French Colossus, the man who made fortunes in months and lost them in hours, who planned to make the poor of France rich and made them poorer than before, the man who's played hob with the markets of Europe for the last six months."

I could say nothing; I was aghast. "The most precious scoundrel of the age," said Rodney, "but also potentially the greatest benefactor. It was *that* which way his coin would fall, and it fell wrong."

"Well," I said, "I certainly never should have thought it!"

"Nor I," assented Isip; "never, never, never."

"How do you know?" I demanded. "It's public property. It's all in the papers," he added, pulling a newspaper from his pocket and flinging it over to me. "He escaped from France on a merchant vessel, and landed on the New England coast, carrying with him papers and securities of the greatest value. A score of men have been trying to bag him and the papers without unnecessary noise."

"And we have been harboring him!" I added.

"We certainly have, and doing our best to help him evade his enemies and make off with the remnant of his spoils."

"I can't help it," I said; "I like him, and I don't believe he's as bad as people make out. He's certainly a born leader."

"So was Napoleon," answered Rodney, "and it wasn't until he failed that people saw the other side of his genius. I fancy Duponceau's a genius—he might, perhaps, have been an empire-builder—but his ideas went farther than his means, and so when his bubble bursts the world calls him a villain."

"If his intentions were good, where does the crime lie?"

(To be continued.)

Passing of the Country Doctor.

Listen now. There aren't any more country doctors, but such as live in towns and serve the farmers will tell you, the first thing they say about their practice, that they collect ninety-five per cent of all their bills. It's business with them. If old Jake Rinehart calls them up by 'phone some nasty, rainy night, and old Jake is slow pay, why * * * Well, business is business, you know.

There are no more country doctors. Do you know why? You remember how Uncle Doc fussed with the hydraulic ram; you remember how interested he was in all kinds of farming implements that saved labor. They were clumsy things in his day, always breaking down and getting out of kilter, but they have been gradually improving until now their purpose is well-nigh accomplished. They have saved labor without a doubt. They have made the farmer's boy unnecessary, and have driven him to town. The "thrashers" who had such good appetites, and whose coming was a sort of festival, are no longer friends and neighbors, but nomads from afar. You remember the old-time country schoolhouse, chock-a-block with young ones. It is empty as a dried gourd nowadays. I passed by one, in a once thickly settled neighborhood. School had just let out. Five children walked along the road with teacher—Eugene Wood, in Success Magazine.

Strange Omission.

A woman who visited the British museum recently inquired of an attendant: "Have you no skull of Cromwell? I have been looking all around for a skull of Oliver Cromwell."

"No, madam," replied the attendant. "We've never had one."

"How very odd!" she exclaimed. "They have a fine one in the museum at Oxford!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

An Eye to Business.

Art Dealer—What! You want \$500 for that picture? You must be crazy.

De Auber—Not necessarily. I'm merely trying to discount the future.

Art Dealer—How's that?

De Auber—Two hundred years hence